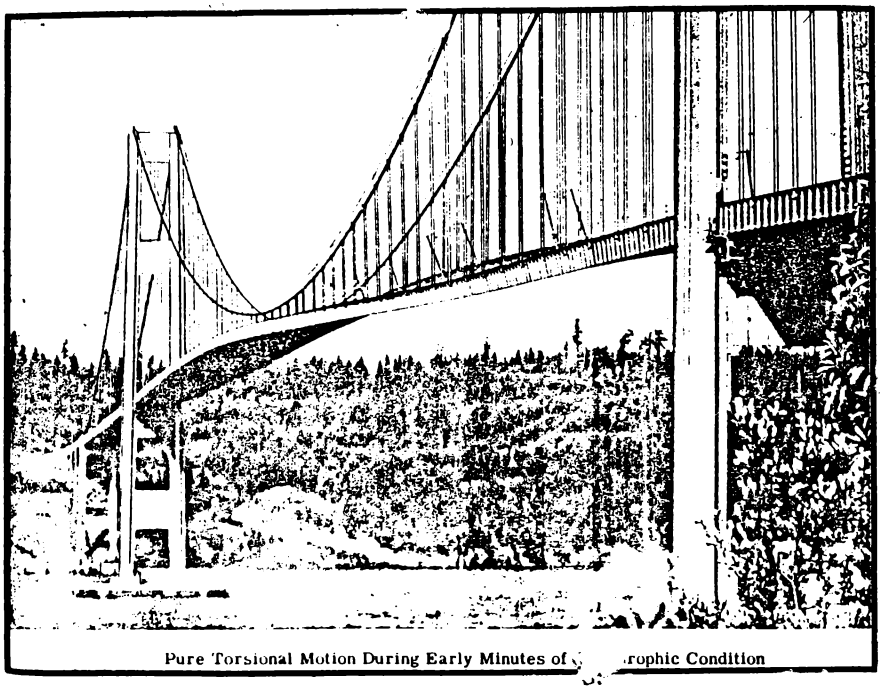
Murder Can Be Fun

no. 4 60¢

The Bridge



Pure Torsional Motion During Early Minutes of ...rophic Condition

That Went

BOING!

JOHNNY MARR
P. O. BOX 640111
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94109

So I said #4 would be out in late December. Early January (1/2/87 as I type) is close enough, isn't it? Kill me.

A few of the more perceptive of you noted that I dropped movie reviews last issue. This is to reassure you that it's gonna stay that away. Every jerk & his/her sibling is reviewing movies, & the hell of it is that some of 'em are even better at it than me. Would rather stay home & play with my books than sit in someone else's chewing gum, anyway. Just, whatever you do, don't waste your money on SID & NANCY.

Now, the big news: MCBF expands as it threatens to engulf the world - 4 extra pages, beginning with #5, with no increase in price. (Am I a big-hearted guy or what?). Still 50¢ or $1 for next two issues. Slated for #5 is a big piece on a big man: Fatty Arbuckle. Also "Strange Deaths in the Bible", a look at the books of Jim Thompson, and a consumer's guide to the true detective magazines. What more could you want?

Quick reminder: #1 (cheerleader murder) & #2 (Sylvia Likens torture/murder) & #3 (Andy Warhol assassination attempt) are still available at 50¢ each, though #1 & #2 are in short supply.

Until the Ides of March,

John -

Special thanks to Rev. Scott Miller for the drooling fiend (no, neither one is my portrait) on the back cover.

SIDNEY SUPPEY'S QUARTERLY - Candi Strecker/ 590 Lisbon/ San Francisco, CA 94112 ($1?)
A sensational little "lowlife scum" mag, covering all those weird little bits of popular culture that make life worth it. Issue I have (Vol 5, #2) includes articles on Martin Denney (GrandMaster of exotica, an obscure form of '60s pop music), a critical survey of 3 Stooges books, and an introduction to black party records (aka performance cussing). Frankly, I can't see why any of you who enjoy my rag wouldn't send in a buck for this one.

ARCHIE MCPHEE & CO catalog - card to Box 30852/ Seattle, WA 98103
A nice little catalog full of those little offbeat toys you find at the local "new-wave" variety store, very likely the only things worth purchasing in the dump. Plastic ants, glow-in-the-dark cockroaches, inflatable rats, & the best windups around. Shop by mail & save yourself the trouble of dealing with new-wave shop girls.

INTERNATIONAL IMPORTS catalog - 8050 Webb Ave./ No. Hollywood, CA 91605
I have no idea how this one ended up in my mailbox, but it certainly was welcome. These folks deal in occult & religous supplies, & there's some awfully strange stuff in here that I've never seen anywhere else. Good source of weird jewelry & strange decor. Try sending 'em a card.

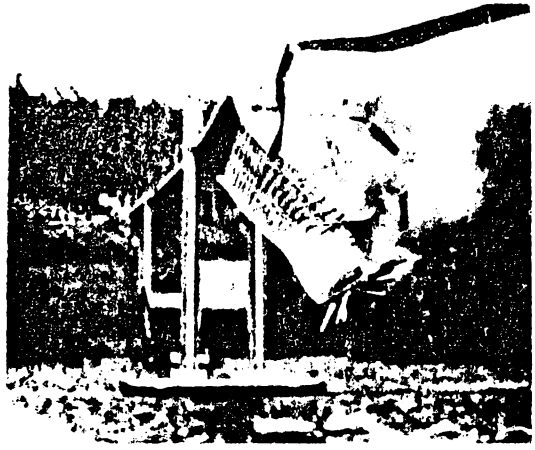
AMOK catalog - $1 to Box 875112/ Los Angeles, CA 90087
If it's a book, cool, and in print, you can order it from these guys. Everything from Loompanics stuff to magick to torture to weird films to stranger art... you get the idea?

FUNHOUSE - $1 from Lang Thompson/ 2111 University Blvd., Apt. 33/ Tuscaloosa, AL 35404
Another guide to, shall we say, "different" rags like this. Each issue lists a hundred or so magazines of varying degrees of eccentricity, with capsule descriptions & ordering info. Lay in a good supply of stamps before sending for this one.

KAREN CARPENTER FAN CLUB - Box 823/ Burbank, CA 91503
They were in disarray for a while, returning mail, but they're back in stride telling us why Skinny was the Greatest Singer Of All Time. Really, you should send 'em a card, asking how much it is to join. Whatever it is, it's worth it. These people are serious!

MURDER CAN BE FUN is published on an irrational schedule influenced by sunspot activity by Johnny Marr. All writings herein are © 1987 and may be reproduced only with easily obtained permission. (Don't you guys have any manners?) Single copy price, postpaid: 50¢. Two issue sub: (bargain!) $1.00. Issues #1,2, and 3 are still in short supply, so hurry.
On the people-who-don't-make-me-barf list are Eloise, Bertha, Matt, Steve, and "Fingers". Kill Judith Kranz. 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

Bye-bye, Bridge



The wooded, mountainous Olympic Peninsula of Washington is almost completely cut off from the mainland by Puget Sound. Only at one point - the Tacoma Narrows - is the Sound narrow enough for a bridge. For years, people had dreamed of this link, connecting the Seattle/Tacoma area with the sparsely settled peninsula. And finally, on July 1, 1940, they got it: the Tacoma Narrows Bridge, the third longest suspension bridge in the world at that time. Unfortunately, it was also the world's first self-disposing bridge. It would literally shake itself apart just four months later.

Even before the bridge was opened, there were hints that something was wrong. All bridges, contrary to popular belief, are actually very flexible. They are supposed to sway, vibrate, expand, and contract, but just a little bit. The Tacoma bridge was bouncing up & down in the wind enough to make the construction workers seasick. However, extensive engineering tests, on a scale model of the bridge showed that the design was perfectly safe.

The bridge was opened to traffic on July 1, 1940. It was an immediate hit. Nicknamed "Galloping Gertie", expected traffic tripled as people drove from hundreds of miles around for the thrill of riding on a bouncing bridge. Even light winds caused vibrations, while heavier winds could make the bridge bounce as much as 5 feet. People compared it to riding a roller coaster, 190 feet above the water. Cars would dip in & out of sight. People even got seasick!

As the months went by, people grew increasingly confident in the bridge's safety. A local bank built a sign on the approach, claiming that it was "as safe as the Tacoma Bridge". The bridge's reputation as an amusement park ride spread, and the authorities were even planning to cancel the insurance policy in mid-November.

On November 7th, a steady 35 to 42 mph wind was blowing. A stiff gale, but far less than the bridge was built to handle. Still, it had been bouncing up & down 3 feet, continuously for 3 hours. Alarmed at the consistency, bridge authorities temporarily closed the bridge to traffic at 10 o'clock. Only three people remained on the bridge - a college student, a reporter (in his car) and Professor Farquharson of Washington State who was studying the bridge.

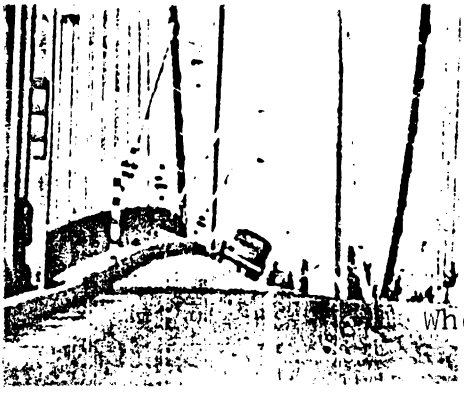
Progression of First Major Failure

Soon, the vibrations changed. Instead of bouncing, the bridge began to twist. The twisting grew wilder & wilder over the next hour. One moment, one side of the roadbed would be 28 feet above the other. A few seconds later, it would be 28 feet below. The span was twisting through an angle of 90 degrees.

The reporter's car crashed into the curb & he was flung out. Together with the college student, violently sea-sick and bleeding, they clutched the curb & crawled to safety on the wildly pitching bridge.

Meanwhile, Professor Farquharson was avidly observing this new node of vibration. Even as the bridge contorted, the professor returned to shore to reload film and went back on the bridge. Finally, when the motion got too rough for him, he casually returned to shore by scientifically following the yellow line in the middle of the road. So convinced was he of the bridge's ability to ride it out that he even stopped to try to rescue the reporter's dog, trapped in the car. He only got nipped by the frightened beast for his troubles.

The dog was the only fatality. With all this twisting & turning, something had to give - and it did, at 11 o'clock.



Whee!

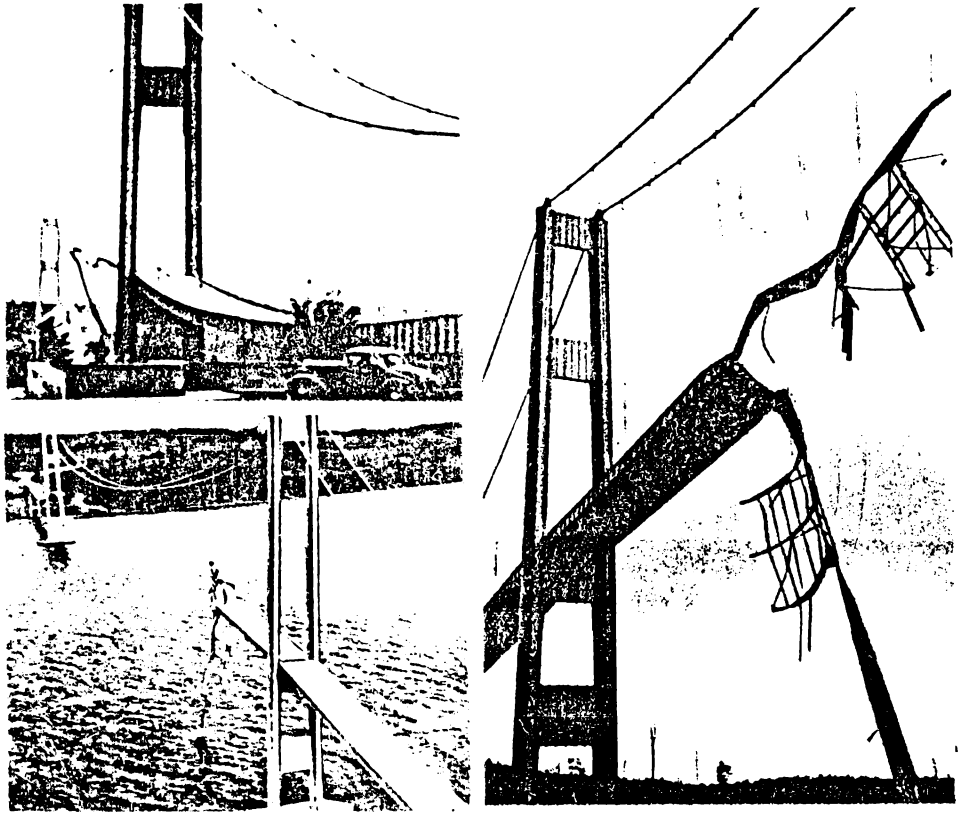
600 feet of the main span tore lose from the cables & fell into the Sound. Ten minutes latter, the rest of the span ripped loose & splashed in. The two 1100 foot side spans bounced up 60 feet, and fell back, dangling 30 feet below their supports. The bridge had literally ripped itself apart in just a little over an hour.

The state was shock, though none as much as Professor Farquharson. The bank hurried out to remove its sign. The governor proclaimed, in an emotional speech, "We are going to build the exact same bridge, exactly as before". To which a noted engineer replied, "...and it will fall into the exact same river, exactly as before".

Luckily, the state still had a week to run on their insurance policy which was going to be cancelled. But not so lucky was the insurance agent who had pocketed the premium and never reported the policy. As he pointed out, as he went off to jail for embezzlement, if the bridge had lasted one more week, he would have gotten away with it and the state would have had no coverage.

Oddly enough, no one can really be blamed for the failure. It was not caused by shoddy construction, substandard materials, or a stupid design. The bridge was more than strong enough to withstand winds up to 120 mph. Yet it crashed down in a 40 mph wind.

The cause of the failure was ignorance. The engineers had anticipated every way the bridge could break - bounce, sway, etc. - but not the one that did it in, twist. At



that time, no one knew that a steady wind could cause that bouncing, twisting motion. Everything has a certain resonant frequency, if at which their shook, they fly apart. And it so happened that the size & shape of the bridge were such that a certain windspeed would start things shaking.

Ten years later, a new bridge was built across the Narrows which has not been nicknamed "Galloping Gertie II". The new bridge is a little thicker & a little stiffer, which would have taken all the bounce out of Gertie. No one ever really took the fall for the disaster, although one of the chief construction engineers did try to jump from the collapsed steelwork. Several amatuer photographers were on hand with motion picture cameras to record the collapse. Today, it is rumoured that these films are required viewing for all civil engineering students. Even the best laid designs of mice & men...

The Solution

OK, here's the answers to last issue's contest. Winners were Barb, Eloise, "Slasher" Tom Fredricks, and two others who requested anominity. These lucky folks each received an official Challenger Flight 51-L crew portrait, a "Teacher in Space" sticker & a few other miscellaneous items of questionable taste. (See what you missed?) However, even the best failed to achieve great than 50% correct, and no one followed directions. Hmmm.

1) The late Carmine Galante was known as the Mafia's cigar problem.

2) Al Capone died of syphilis

3) Joe Briggens fed the hired hands to his prize-winning pigs in California at the turn of the century.

4) Santa Cruz, CA, was a hotbed of mass-murder in the '70s.

5) In 1857, the recently abolished New York Municipal Policem with mayoral support, battled the newly formed Metropolitan Police for control of the city.

6) Alferd Packer is the only convicted cannibal in US history.

7) John Dillinger's pickled 12" penis is allegedly hidden away in the Smithsonian. They deny it.

8) Back in the 1850s, the Morman Church allegedly fielded a hit squad known as the "Danites".

9) Wyatt Earp & Bas Masterson were also known as the "fighting pimps".

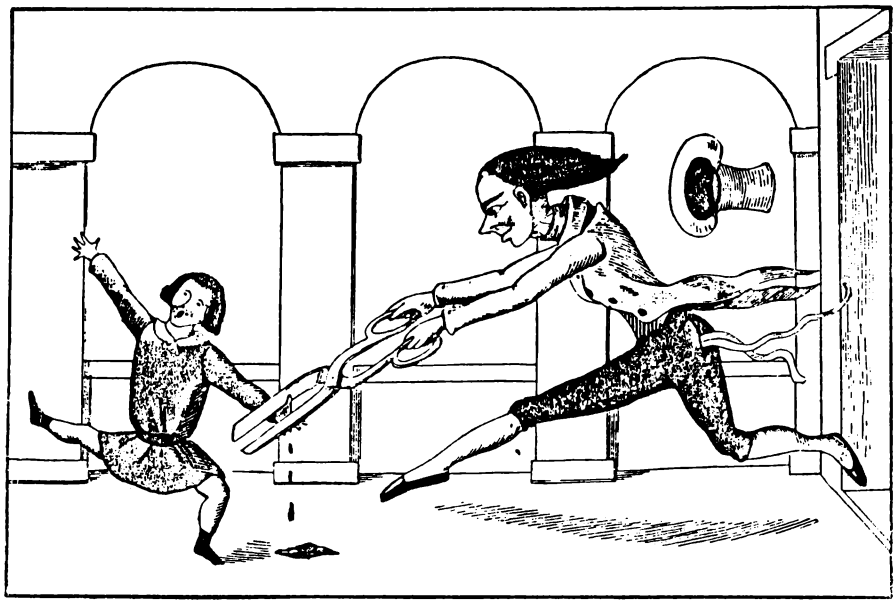
10) Murderess Ruth Snyder was the first woman in the US to go to the chair.

The Story of Little Suck-a-Thumb

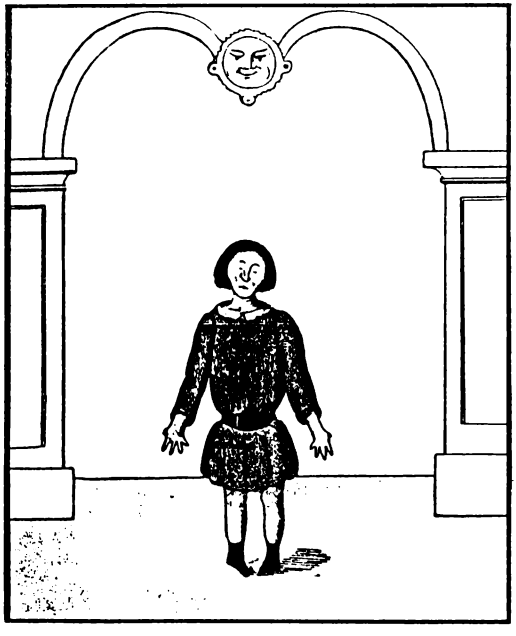
from SLOVENLY PETER, OR, FUNNY STORIES & DROLL PICTURES FOR CHILDREN FROM 3 TO 6 YEARS by Dr. Heinrich Hoffman.
Freely translated by Mark Twain.

One day, Mamma said, "Conrad dear,
I must go out & leave you here.
But mind now, Conrad, what I say,
Don't suck your thumb while I'm
away.
The great tall tailor always comes
To little boys that suck their
thumbs;
And ere they dream what he's about,
He takes his great sharp scissors
out
And cuts their thumbs clean off, -
and then
You know, they never grow again."

Mamma had scarcely turned her back,
The thumb was in, alack! alack!



The door flew open, in he ran,
The great long red legged scis-
sor man.
Oh! children see! the tailor's come
And caught our little Suck-a-Thumb.
Snip! Snap! Snip! the scissors go;
And Conrad cries out - Oh! Oh! Oh!
Snip! Snap! Snip! they go so fast;
That both his thumbs are off at
last.



Mamma comes home; there Conrad
stands,
And looks quite sad, and shows his
hands;
"Ah!" said Mamma, "I knew he'd come
To naughtly little Suck-a-Thumb."

A Bundy Bibliography

Ted Bundy was the serial killer of the '70s. To date, no less than five books have been written about him, a total surpassed only by Charles Manson. And Charlie had to off a starlet for that...

At first, all this hoopla may seem overdone, since Ted's crimes weren't that sensational. Only his career ending rampage through the Florida sorrority house drew national headlines, and he's only actually been convicted of three murders. Others have run up higher body counts or gone in for elaborate pre- and post-mortem rituals without attracting nearly as much attention. Why Ted?

The main reason is how the crimes were done. Ted specialized in rape murders of coeds - an almost commonplace crime these days. He's suspected of committing as many as 35. And that's it - he's only suspected. When Ted struck, he left no evidence, no clues, nothing linking him to the crime. And his victims weren't just easy marks like hitchhikers or such - his victims would vanish, practically under people's noses, from the most unlikely places: off the neighborhood streets, out of crowded parks, even out of their very own beds. No one would see a struggle or hear an outcry. The only proof that the women weren't hobnobbing with Amelia Earhart or Judge Crater would be a pile of bones, found in the mountains months later.

And then, almost as interesting as the crimes, there is Ted's personality. He was the last person you'd pick as a serial killer. Handsome, intelligent, and charming, he seemed an up&coming young man headed towards a successful political career. He even was reccomended for law school by the state governor! As one Mormon missionary put it, "I wouldn't hesitate to set him up with my own sister". Even today, Ted sits on Florida's death row, loudly proclaiming his innocence - and many people believe him.

He was finally caught, through a fluke. Then started the real show. He turned the courtroom into a circus. He was constantly hiring & firing his attorneys, but always ended up defending himself. He even escaped from jail twice!

Such is the stuff of which legends, and bestsellers, are made. And amazingly, all five books about him are decent. Even with the best of subject matter (such as Ted), a few

hack crime books tend to pop up, saying, "Eeeeew, how gross" and little else. But even among the best, some books are a hell of alot more best than others.

The first book, TED BUNDY: THE KILLER NEXT DOOR came out almost before the ink was dry on the death warrants. It's a good, solid book, well worth reading. All the crimes are reconstructed in almost loving detail, as well as the hair-pulling attempts by the police in trying to catch Ted. Tends to drag a bit during trials, but not excessively.

The best known book is probably TED BUNDY: THE DELIBERATE STRANGER on which the tv-movie (heard it was a real dog) was based. The author is a journalist who covered Ted back in his great white hope of politics days, and covered Ted's various trials. Even palled around a bit with him. The book is really slick & reads well, even during the trials, but glosses over too many of the crimes. In fact, this book covers the courtroom circus the best. However, the emphasis is more on the author's little personal experiences with Ted that on the whole situation. Good for reading, bad for info. Made for TV?

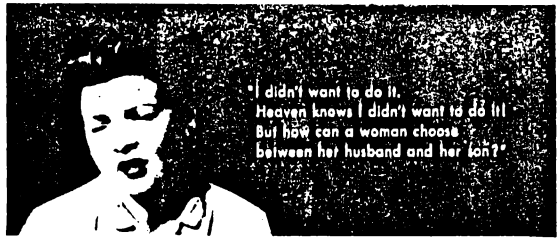
Next up, THE STRANGER BESIDE ME is the product of one of the most amazing coincidences ever. Author Ann Rule is a professional true crime writer who'd signed to do a book on the killings as soon as the killer was caught. And Lo!, it turned out to be her buddy, Ted Bundy! She had once worked with Ted for several months, manning a suicide (!) hotline. This is probably the best all-around book of 'em all. She paints a great picture of the other Ted, the one that had her convinced he was innocent (up to a point!). She had the in's with the police department to get all the inside scoop on the investigation's (lack of) progress. And, like any true TRUE DETECTIVE writer, she comes through with all the dirty details of the crimes. Definitely reccomended.

Also falling in the I-knew-Ted-Bundy subsubgenre is TED BUNDY: THE PHANTOM PRINCE. Written by his long term (now ex-) girlfriend, it answers the question: What's it like loving a guy you think is offing people all over town? Answer: nervewracking for her, boring for us. All the real action is happening offstage her, leaving us with her twitiness & Ted's quirkiness. An amusing combination, but only reccomended for supplementary reading.

Now, the best for last. Most recent entry, THE ONLY LIVING WITNESS, could be god. Authors wnet trotting into Florida State Prison, pointed a mic at Ted & asked, " How & why in the hell did you do it?". Ted really can't answer these questions - he's innocent, y'know - but he sure can speculate. Fascinating. Other books paint the surface portrait, but this one comes to grips with "The Entity" inside, explaining the hows & whys based on a very informed opinion. The book does tend to skip over some of the crimes, but gives the best picture of Ted to date. Includes a handy checklist of The Women.

As this is written, Ted's still hanging by a thread on death row. The execution scheduled for this morning was just stayed indefinitely, as more appeals are filed. Undoubtably, a few more books will come out after the big fry, but until then, you're best off reading ONLY LIVING WITNESS if you're into the man and THE STRANGER BESIDE ME for the whole circus. But stay tuned for more.

I WANT TRUE CONFESSIONS



Read the shocking story of a guilt-ridden mother

WE BURIED OUR CHILD ALIVE!

DELIVERED TO MY DOOR!

I confess - I'm a confession magazine fiend. Everytime I see one on the stands, be it TRUE CONFESSIONS, BRONZE THRILLS, or INTIMATE STORIES, I feel temptation. It's not easy to pass up teasers like "Night of Passion...Afternoon of Regret", "Mommy, I Don't Want To Be Alone With Him", or "When I Said No, He Let His Friends Rape Me". Even if (as usual) they don't quite live up to the cover blurbs, they're almost always good for a dose of sordid situations, trashy thrills, and disheartening disasters.

First off, confession are fiction, hacked out to sound like fact (well, sorta). They read like good Dear Abby letters, fleshed out to 8000 words. Gone is the old "sin, suffer, repent" formula; the modern confession pits the (almost invariably) female narrator against the Hard Knocks Of Life. The knocks run the whole gamut of human experience: from infidelity, loneliness, and cancer to the heroine's own personal flaws. The background is aimed at appealing to the lowest common denominator, like total working class. Being educated means passing a few classes at the local JC, and everyone's goal in life is to be married & breed by a guy who works a steady 40-hour week & doesn't drink up the paycheck.

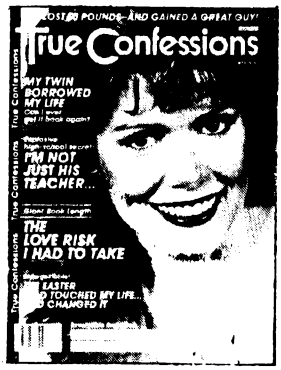
Of course, not all confession magazines live up to these high standards. There's a few real dogs out there. So, in the spirit of pure research, I purchased a copy of every single confession I could find - 13 of 'em - at the local 4-star newsstand. Even the cashier was surprised at how many there were.

The field is dominated by MacFadden's 7 titles: TRUE STORY, TRUE CONFESSIONS, TRUE EXPERIENCE, TRUE LOVE, SECRETS, TRUE ROMANCE, and MODERN ROMANCE. If your neighborhood newsstand is sufficently non-yup, these are the ones you'll find.

Oddly enough, there is very little difference between these titles. You'd expect a story about a rich girl jilting boring rich boy for nice poor boy to be in MODERN ROMANCES and a story about Mom (literally) kicking Gramps around the house to be in TRUE CONFESSIONS, but actually it was the other way around. Each magazine runs a mix of all types of stories: high school love, unwed mothers, family problems, and hunt& chase. Sex is there, but details end with "and we made pasionate love". Virginity is applauded, but unwed mothers are just another fact of life.

The best, just by a hair, were SECRETS and TRUE ROMANCE. SECRETS featured stories of wife-beating, immigration marriage, inter-racial adoption, embezzlement, and illegitimacy.

"PLEASE DON'T LET MY BABY BE BORN LIKE ME!"
TRUE
Experience
I'M GLAD MY SISTER GOT ARRESTED!
"I'VE NEVER STOPPED LOVING YOU..."
OUR WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT FROM PRINCESS D.
MY DAUGHTER'S EYES HAVE THAT ACCUSING LOOK


LOST 80 POUNDS AND GAINED A GREAT GUY!
True Confessions
MY TWIN BORROWED MY LIFE
I'M NOT JUST HIS TEACHER...
THE LOVE RISK I HAD TO TAKE

HIS KISSES NEVER TASTED SO SWEET AS THEY DID TODAY
True Love
"LET ME HELP YOU GET OVER HER"
WHY CAN'T HE KEEP HIS HANDS OFF ME?
MEMORIES OF A LONG-LOST LOVE
HIS EX-WIFE OR ME
ASHAMED TO REACH OUT AND HOLD HIM

TRUE ROMANCE had job sex harrassment, car crashes, kiddie porn, and statutory rape. However, each of the other five rags also had some hot ones. Seems that this was just the month that a few extra goodies fell into the TRUE ROMANCE & SECRETS bins. Best bet for this line is to pick the rag with the trashiest cover blurbs.

While MacFadden's 7 are almost homogenous, Charlton's 3: INTIMATE STORY, DARING ROMANCES, and STARTLING CONFESSIONS each have their own distinct character, such as it is. They promise pure sleaze, from the lingerie models on the cover to the interior shots of people in about-to-be-torn-off underwear. But they never really deliver. The sex may be a little steamier than MacFadden, but the stories are too short & poorly written to really realize all their trashy potential. Best part is their strange advice columns.

INTIMATE STORY is the best of the three, with trashy situations based on artificial insemination, matricide, & suicide. STARTLING CONFESSIONS, in spite of its title, sticks to confessions of the hunt&chase for a hubby. DARING ROMANCES doesn't even make it as a confession, just a junky romance rag. Overall, this line just isn't worth it.

Now, the real trash. The dark stuff. Black confessions are something else, totall wild. Lexington Library has 3: BRONZE THRILLS, BLACK ROMANCE, and BLACK CONFESSIONS (aka JIVE). These are the ones which should be running the underwear shots, 'cos they deliver. No "passionate lovemaking" here. Instead, we get "He guided his rigid tool into me". While all the stories are of the girl-meets-boy or girl has teenybopper problems type (no shaking family skeletons here!) things still get pretty strange. Gang rape is almost a standard plot twist!

Best of the bunch is BLACK CONFESSIONS. Teen's pusher boyfriend punishes her "stupid" pregnancy by setting her up for a gang bang. A girl discovers coke & ends up doing anything & everything for crack. One girl catches her boyfriend ripping off their employer, another catches the stud ripping off a sidewalk Santa. BRONZE THRILLS & BLACK ROMANCE are in a similar vein, but just aren't quite up to the high standards of BC. Still woth a looksee, though.

So, there they are. MacFadden wins in maudlin melodrama & general tearjerking, but BLACK CONFESSIONS earns honors for sheer trashiness, and they all lose points for always having happy endings. Next time youre in the mood for some tearjerking tragedy, just bop on down to your local newsstand & go wild! (And if you find any new titles, send 'em to me, please!)

READ HARD OR DIE

EVIDENCE OF LOVE by Bloon & Atkinson (Bantam, 1985)

Hottest murder to come out of Texas since the Candy Man. Bored suburban housewife does away with a friend with the proverbial 41 whacks of an ax. Reads like a novel, complete with a surprise verdict which even fooled me. Worth it.

FATAL VISION by Joe McGinniss (Signet, 1984)

Would a handsome, intelligent, and successful young doctor hack up the wife & kid & then try to pin it on Manson-trendy hippies? Digs out the truth behind the infamous Jeffrey MacDonald case. Hope he enjoys his cell.

IN SEARCH OF MISSING PERSONS by Landsburg (Bantam, 1978)

Over the years, lotsa folk have disappeared in weird & wonderful ways. Too bad they're not in this book. Most of the "mysterious disappearances" this book covers are obviously fish, lion, or worm food. Dumb enough for TV.

GO ASK ALICE by Anonymous (Avon, 1972)

.....but you can't ask her any more, thank god. What a loser. Allegedly real diary of a dumb little suburban stoner during the late hippe era which sold a few million copies. Still a few laughs, especially when she starts peddling acid at the local elementary school.

MY UNCLE OSWALD by Roald Dahl (Ballantine, 1981)

After all the nice things I said about Raold in #3... a witty softie porn novel for the NEW YORKER set, so they can beat off while reading genteel descriptions of "high" cultural figures in action. A dashing young man & his beautiful assistant trick the elite into making (unknowingly) donations to a sperm bank with the help of "Sudanese" fly. A nice gift for a randy grandpa.

STICK by Elmore Leonard (Avon, 1984)

So they say Elmore Leonard is the current god of the tough-guy/ hardboiled novel. From this one, I say pfui. "Stick" Sticklye, marked for a human sacrifice in a drug deal, decides to get back at the marker. Unfortunately, he sits with his finger up his ass for 200 pages before a scheme occurs. Not the stuff of which legends are made.

DAISY SUMMERFIELD'S STYLE by M.B. Goffstein (Dell, 1979)

A disappointment. Promising to be about a girl actually taking on someone else's identity, actually, all she does is steal an artists clothes so she can convice herself she really is an artist. And of course she gets discovered. Brings to mind proverbs about books & their covers.

DRAMA IN REAL LIFE from the READER'S DIGEST (Berkeley, 1980)

No doubt about what interests the good folk at RD are pandering to with this one. Cover's a picture of a train moshing a car, captioned "Great reading on the world's most popular subjects". Too bad they really didn't pick out the best. Only a few really get up & crank, like "Electric Nightmare" (suburban house suddenly gets charged to 10,000 volts & starts zapping the occupants) and "I Hit & Ran".

THE CATALOG OF COOL ed. by Gene Sculatti (Warner, 1982)

A primeval attempt at a guide to what is now known as "low-life scum" culture, pointing out what's hip in "sounds, screen, ink, threads, and tube". They do point you to lotsa cool stuff, but also to a lot of crap, having this strange affection to the jazzbobshit that was popular when they were kids. Usefull, but don't let it define your life. (That's my job).

FORGOTTEN NEWS by Jack Finney (Fireside, 1983)

A collection of what the WEEKLY WORLD NEWS would have been covering in the 1850s. Main story is the Cunningham/Burdell murder case, which sounds more like a bad Victorian novel than a real crime, as it involved a false identity, abortion, a staged marriage, and a bogus baby. Proof that the world always has been this weird.

THE GLORY HOLE MURDERS by Tony Fennelly (Carroll & Graff,'86)

A total scream of a mystery, if you know what a glory hole is & can stomach a murderer who kills by skewering and/or severing the appendages that are stuck into such holes. Detecting is done by a homo who thinks everyone is <u>really</u> tacky, supported by a screwy cast with a black sense of humour. And yet it's still realistic enough for all you Hammett & Chandler fans.

ONE MORE SUNDAY by John D. MacDonald (Fawcett, 1985)

Yeah, so MacDonald croaked the other day. You don't see me opening my wrists. Always thought the guy was overrated. Case in point: this book. Typical bestseller loosely weaving several story threads about a Falwell style church: minister banging choir singer, carpet chewing, blackmailing ambition, and a rape/murder of an investigative journalist. Pleasant enough, but you'll forget it all a week later.

THE SCHOOLGIRL MURDER CASE by Colin Wilson (Bantam, 1976)

Starts out ordinary enough, routine sex killing, but things are not always what they seem. Mystery eventually gets wrapped up in the occult underworld of London, where Aleister Crowley is still a household word, and when it comes to this, Wilson really knows what he's talking about.

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